

Mr. Joseph Hale, THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMAND.
POPE.

VOL. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1802.

[NO. XXXV.

THE MEN WORTH FIFTY DOLLARS.

YESTERDAY I met an old acquaintance posing with great expedition up Broadway.

"What now? Whither are you bound?

"To the Theatre."

"Why, you seem to be assiduous in your attendance: pray how often do you go?"

"Every play-night that my health permits; and they are generally every night throughout the season. At this season I have been less punctual. I have not been above fifty times in all."

"Fifty times! Very moderate, upon my word. The privilege of sitting, for four hours, in a crowd of all ages and degrees; in the midst of glaring lights, occasional clappings and hisses, with a motley and varying scene before you, cannot be enjoyed for nothing. Pray what does it cost you?"

"Fifty nights amount, of course, to fifty dollars: but I've no time to talk to you now—so good-bye."

How differently are different men disposed to employ those two precious commodities, time and money! A father once assembled a family of six sons around him. "My chil-

dren," says he, "I am going to consult your wishes in the best manner I can. I am obliged to demand your assistance in my calling, for the common benefit; and, in return for your aid, I give you food, clothing, and shelter suitable to your education and views; but, henceforth, I will do more. For the next half year I will give each of you fifty dollars, and the liberty of spending three evenings in every week, from six to twelve, just as your inclination may lead."

The offer was thankfully accepted; and the father became anxiously observant of the manner in which the respective temper and views of his children would direct them in the disposition of this time and money.

Tom, the eldest, was a saving, thrifty, prudent lad. He knew, long since, not only that time begot money, but that money begot

itself. He therefore bestowed the *time* thus granted him, in working at his father's trade, but for his own emolument. As four hours, in which diligence labours for its own profit, is generally equal to a day's work on another's account, Tom had earned, at the end of the half year, by indefatigable application to the plane and chissel, another fifty dollars. The former sum, however, did not lie idly in his coffers all this while. After weighing the respective claims upon his choice, Tom yielded to the counsel of an uncle, who traded to the West-Indies, and invested the sum in an adventure to St. Domingo. The adventure was successful; and, being re-shipped on the second voyage long before the expiration of six months, Tom's share of the proceeds came into possession, which amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars. Thus the saving knowledge of Tom, turned his fifty into two hundred; and wrought, likewise, very favourably on his skill in the craft, and in confirming him in habits of industry and sobriety. It must be owned, however, that the general powers of his mind, and his sensibility, were not much advanced.

The second brother, Will, had unfortunately contracted a fondness for jovial company, the temporary mistress, the *loo* party, and the bottle. These indulgences had been hitherto restrained by the want of leisure and money. Fifty dollars, and three evenings in the week, were by no means adequate to his wishes; but, being contrasted with preceding penury and toil, they opened a glorious prospect to his view. At the end of six months, not only the money was squandered, but a debt of twice the amount contracted, which the father was obliged to pay. All his habits of sensuality and dissipation were aggravated, and his constitution deeply injured by irregularity and excess. In every respect, therefore, this present was pernicious to Will.

Sam, the third brother, was an handsome youth; impetuous and generous, full of the

social sympathies, and swayed chiefly by the spur of the moment and the impulse of the heart. A little before this distribution had taken place, Sam had fallen in love with Kitty Franks, a charming creature, blooming with youth, overflowing with vivacity, enamoured in her turn with Sam, some what volatile and giddy, but containing the rudiments of many excellences.

On hearing his father's resolution, Sam's heart leaped for joy. He imagined no use of time or money but to gratify his passion for Kitty, and to multiply his social, but innocent pleasure. Immediately he ran off to Kitty to demand her congratulations on the liberty which was thus secured to them of frequently enjoying each other's society; and, all the way to the dwelling of his mistress, his imagination was full of the toys and trinkets which his fifty dollars would bestow upon the *idol* of his affections. A pocket-book, a muff, a toilet cabinet, curiously divided into holes and corners, for pomatum, powder, wash-balls, and combs; and twenty box-tickets, at least, crowded, pell-mell, into his fancy.

Unluckily, however, part of this golden scene was suddenly obscured by meeting an acquaintance next day who was in extreme want of twenty dollars to pay his taylor's bill. Sam was never proof against such solicitations, and accordingly complied. Half an hour after, the loan went into the coffers of Tunbelly, keeper of a noted porter-house, in discharge of an old score. The remaining thirty, however, received the destination originally designed for them; and muffs, and trinkets, and the play-going privilege were bought. The supply, indeed, fell greatly short of Sam's generosity, but he found a sufficient consolation in the company of Kitty, with whom he regularly laughed and toyed away three evenings in the seven.

These interviews added so much fuel to the fire of their passion, and they looked forward to the return of absence and re-

straint with so much reluctance, that they finally resolved to make their union sacred and irrevocable by marriage. On the last day of this half year of love and liberty, the father had the mortification to receive intelligence that the giddy and thoughtless pair had been tied together by a parson in the neighbourhood. How far the good-humour, sanguineness, and hey-day of youth will secure the happiness of the newly married against parental indignation, accumulating wants, and vanishing means, time must decide.

Joe and *Bob*, the fourth and fifth sons, were widely different from their elder brothers. *Joe* had been early distinguished by attachment to the pencil, and to music. He was always a grumbling and reluctant workman in his father's shop; and, whenever the eye of authority was withdrawn from him, he was sure to rake a coal from the ashes and fall to scrawling the chins and noses of the journeymen upon the unfinish'd desk and half-made dining-table. At spare moments he was accustomed to steal from the kitchen-corner to a neighbouring Dutchman's, who lived by teaching music. Here, on the score of neighbourhood, he was allowed to sit, and drink in the sounds of the flute and harpsichord which *Schræder* played for the edification of his pupils.

These tunes were greedily caught, easily retained, and incessantly repeated by *Joe*, and constituted his amusement while at work with his saw and adze. His inexpressible longings were now somewhat gratified by the gift of fifty dollars and three evenings in the week. The money was immediately bestowed on *Schræder*, as hire for his harpsichord and the use of note-books, and a garret to enjoy himself alone.

Joe's zeal was not to be quenched by time. Every day strengthened his passion for three octaves and a stop; and, at the expiration of his respite, he returned with new reluctance to manual labour. He found comfort, nevertheless, in reflecting that he now could perform intricate concerts with tolerable ease at first sight; and that the stock of musical ideas, the contemplation and repetition of which cheered his daily task, was greatly increased.

Bob with unsocial views and liberal propensities, somewhat similar to his brother *Joe*, had selected a very different path for his voluntary diligence. *Bob* was smitten

with the charms of natural philosophy; and while the pleasures of the sexes, of the play-house, of the ball-room, and the *tweedle-dum* of *Schræder* touched no answering chord in his heart, he applied his time and money, with unwearied diligence to the construction of an electrical apparatus, with which, for his own amusement, and the wonder of his visitors, he drew fire from living bodies, illuminated an inscription, set bits of paper, cut into human shape, dancing, and performed all the other surprising feats that are usually performed on these occasions.

Harry, the youngest son, as he differed in shape and physiognomy from his brethren, had likewise a character and views wholly opposite to theirs. Books and meditation had early become favourite pursuits; but his application was regulated by circumstances peculiar to himself. His heart was by no means inaccessible to the tender passions. A connection was formed, at an early age, with a female pliant, full of tenderness, docility, modesty, and good sense; unambitious of distinction for wit or beauty, and only studious of performing those silent and domestic duties which are void of speciousness and ostentation. In these sentiments, she bore a perfect resemblance to *Harry*, who added to her amiable qualities, steadfastness of mind, large capacity, eagerness for useful knowledge, and that manual diligence suggested by reflection on the benefits of competence and the subservience of money, not only to our own gratification, but to the good of others.

The father's gifts were not less acceptable to *Harry* than to *Bob*, or *Joe*, or *Sam*, or *Will*, or *Tom*. Indeed, an higher value was set upon the bounty inasmuch as a juster conception was formed of the benefits which it put within his reach. The money was not bestowed upon the theatre, or toys, or pocket-books, or fiddle-strings, or glass-bottles, not because these objects were intrinsically worthless, or necessarily pernicious, but merely because his taste demanded higher enjoyments; and he held it his chief duty to promote, by all possible means, the rational improvement and lasting happiness of her whom he had selected as the partner of his future life. He laid out his money, partly in those necessary accommodations of which the indigence of her he loved stood in need, and partly in volumes of history, morals, and

poetry, which conveyed practical knowledge; and, while they opened an avenue to laudable pleasures, furnished a criterion of preference. The day was sufficiently engrossed with toils, merely mechanical and lucrative; and the evenings of liberty were therefore devoted to her company, and to those pursuits which might be carried on with more success jointly than separately.

Money and time thus spent, did not produce transient or momentary effects. The ideas acquired from their reading were immortal; and their library, regarded as a mere commodity in traffic, was calculated to replace the money which had purchased it, if carried to market at the end of the year, and after it had yielded to their studious attention all its treasures. Their interviews, without awakening impatience and reluctance at that privation which ensued, qualified them to sustain it with cheerfulness and dignity, by adding new brightness to their prospects, and affording them the delightful perception of their progress in intellectual energy and moral excellence.

Such was the half-years history of the six brothers. The fortune of each was fifty dollars, and each employed his wealth in the manner he deemed most prudent. The candid observer may claim to sit in judgement on the merits of their various schemes. In favour of which will he decide? Whatever be his servitude to sensual habits, there is no-one, perhaps, will imagine *Will* to be the Solomon of this groupe. *Sam* will not be without his admirers, his advocates, and his imitators. There are many votaries of science and the muses who will declare in favour, some of *Joe* and others of *Bob*. The grave and reverend seniors, whose wisdom is the harvest of long life and old experience, will instantly bestow their voices upon *Tom*. But what is the number of those who will admit *Harry* into competition with his brethren for the laurel of discretion?

SELMA.

BLINDNESS INSTRUCTIVE.

An Eastern writer once asked a certain philosopher, by what means he had gained so much wisdom? "I gained it," replied the philosopher, "by imitating the blind, who never move a step till they have sounded with their stick the ground on which they are to trust themselves."

ON ALMANACKS.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are few subjects in which a man may find more room for speculation than an almanack. I lately experienced the truth of this remark in a very forcible manner. Last month, walking in the wilds of New-Jersey, I was overtaken by a storm, and obliged to seek shelter in the hovel of a fisherman. Looking about for something to employ my thoughts and beguile the hour, I spied, hanging by a piece of packthread from a nail, an almanack. I took it down, opened it, and turned over the pages in search of some information or amusement. The receipts for curing several diseases in men and horses, the moral precepts, and the quotations from Joe Miller scattered through it, were all read with much gravity and deliberation. At length I closed the book, and turned to the good woman who sat near me, and who was busy in darning a worsted stocking. Pray, said I, what use do you make of this thing?

Why, said she, with a good deal of hesitation, why—I don't know—it's an almanack.

True, said I, and what use do you find for an almanack.

Why, she answered with an air of increased perplexity, we look at it now and then to—to—to tell us the day of the month.

And what need have you to discover the day of the month?

Why—I don't know, I am sure—One likes to know what day of the month it is sometimes. One must pay one's rent quarter-day, and one doesn't know when it comes round without an *O'minick*.

That, said I, happens four times a year; so that once in three months you have occasion to look into this book: but there is much besides the days of the week and month. I see, continued I, taking up the book again and showing her the page, I see there are eight columns. One of these shows the days of the week; but here the letter *G* occurs on every Sunday; what does that mean?

Lord love your soul, cried she, how should I know?

The next space is filled with various particulars. First, there are the names of saints. I suppose Nicholas, and Stephen, and Mathi-

as, and Sylvester, and Benedict, and Swithen, are saints: What use do you make of them?

Why none, to be sure. What are these folks to me?

Here are likewise sundry hard words: such as Quinquagesima, Epiphany, Ascension: What do they mean?

La! suz, don't ask me.

And what are these uncouth characters, squares, and circles, and crosses; and the words, elongation, southing, apogee, Sirius and Arcturus, and Bull's eye, and Crab's foot? What did the almanack-maker mean by giving us all that?

I can't tell, not I. I looks for nothing but the day of the month and the times that the sun rises.

Here I thought proper to put an end to the dialogue. I could not help reflecting on the abundance of useless and unintelligible learning which an almanack contains. There is scarcely a family, however ignorant and indigent, without one copy hanging constantly in sight, and yet there is no production which fewer understand. The sense it contains is not only abstruse and remote from vulgar apprehension, but it is exhibited in the most scientific and concise form. Figures, initials, symbolical characters, and half-words every where abound.

A stranger who should meet, in every hovel, with a book, in which the relative positions of the planets, the diurnal progress of the sun in the zodiac, the lunar and solar eclipses, the wanderings of Sirius, Arcturus, and the Pleiades; of *Occulus*, *Tauri*, and *Spica-Virginis* were described in a way the most technical imaginable, would be apt to regard us as a very astronomical and learned nation. That the volume should be bought annually by every family, should be considered as an indispensable piece of household furniture, and be so placed as to be always at hand, are facts that would make his inference extremely plausible. He would be not a little surprised to discover, that the book is bought for the sake of that which the memory and skill of children would suffice to find out, of that which costs the compiler nothing more than the survey of a former almanack and a few strokes of his pen; and that these celebrated computations, these mystic symbols, this adjustment of certain days to certain

holy names, are neither attended to, nor understood by one in ten thousand.

The eye roves over them, but the question, what do they mean? never enters the mind. Being accustomed to retain figures and arrangements, we are dissatisfied if they do not appear as usual. My father hung his almanack on this nail, and I must do as my father did. A book of this kind being compiled and published anew every year, we take for granted that every new year demands a new almanack.

Habit will account for the continuance of a certain practice, but not for its origin. One would be naturally lead to think, that when almanacks were first invented, mankind were more conversant with the stars than at present, that every cottager was interested in the planetary revolutions, in the places of the moon, in the solar progress, and in the birth days of hermits and confessors.

This is partly true; but the source of curiosity respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies, was merely a belief that the incidents of human life were connected with these changes. That tract in the heavens which the sun apparently passes in a year, was called the zodiac, and was divided into twelve portions, which were called signs, and each of which received a fantastic name. A connection was imagined between the different members of the human body and the signs of the zodiac. Hence it was requisite to state minutely the zodiacal place of the sun, that men might be aware of the accidents to which they were most liable at certain seasons. The frontispiece commonly exhibited a figure, explaining the connection between constellations and limbs; and this frontispiece is still generally retained.

Stellar influence, though strong was rightly supposed to be inferior to that of the planets. The relative position of the fixed stars is apparently unchangeable. Not so that of the planetary bodies: hence curiosity was busy in ascertaining the places of the latter, the prosperous and adverse state of man, being supposed to be swayed by the oppositions and conjunctions of these orbs; and hence compilers of almanacks bestowed particular attention on this circumstance.

There was a time when festivals & religious observances were connected with the anivers-

THE LADY'S MONITOR.

aries of the birth of apostles and martyrs. It was therefore necessary to inform the people when these anniversaries occurred. A change of religion has taken away this necessity, at least among ourselves. Swithen, Margaret, Magdalen, Michael and Denys are names which the reader overlooks. He never dreams of making a distinction between the days opposite to which these names appear and other days. To us, therefore, or at least to some of us, they are wholly useless and impertinent; but still they are annually printed, and their omission would create, in many persons, disapprobation and surprize,

It can scarcely fail to occur that almanacks might be made the instruments of much general improvement. Custom has introduced them into every family. There is generally a space set apart for miscellaneous information, and in filling this space the compiler is at liberty to exercise his own judgment. The popularity of almanacks will thus afford him an opportunity of imparting wholesome truths to thousands, whose audience he could never hope to obtain in any other way.

In the form of tables, and in place of much of what is now introduced, facts in physical and moral science might be happily substituted. What is now occupied by Crispin and Gregory, by the perigee and apogee of the moon, by the risings and descents of Sirius and Arcturus, and by the vagaries of the planets, might surely be supplied with much more useful matter.

The happiness of mankind depends not so much upon the progress which the sciences, abstractedly considered, have made, but on the diffusion of the knowledge which already exists. A thousand truths are to be found in the books and meditation of the wise, of which mankind have profited nothing, because, in general they remain ignorant of their existence. It seems as if a man, truly enlightened, should employ himself not in advancing the various branches of physical and moral knowledge to perfection by solitary experiments, and closet speculation; but in contriving and executing schemes for making simple, intelligible, and concise, the sciences in their present state of improvement; in making cheaper and more commodious, in cloathing more popular and attractive forms, and putting into the possession of a greater num-

ber the knowledge already ascertained, and which is most conducive to their welfare. I cannot conceive an instrument more useful to this end, and an opportunity more favourable to the dissemination of truth and happiness than an almanack affords.

The advantages of this expedient have not been wholly overlooked. In Germany it has been more extensively employed than elsewhere. History, botany, mineralogy, agriculture, and domestic economy, have all been moulded into this form, and with admirable skill and efficacy. Two improvements have likewise been observable in our own country. One consists in noting the date of principal events of our own history, and the other in assigning a column for exhibiting the degrees of heat, as observed on Fahrenheit's thermometer, on each day of the preceding year. The last improvement I have seen only in the almanacks published by Mr. Poulson, in Philadelphia.

This letter is already too long, or I would state some obvious improvements, of which I think this kind of publication is susceptible. Perhaps you will hear from me hereafter. R.

THE LATE FRENCH DIRECTORY.

(BY A TRAVELLER.)

It is curious to mark the characters of the five who succeeded the Bourbons on the throne of this powerful nation, and to compare the state, before the revolution, with the late grandeur of these *Pentarchs*. Barras is the only one of them noble by birth, and of the military profession. The rest are all of obscure origin, and were trained to the peaceable trade of the law.

In 1788, Barras had left the army, lived at Paris in wretched indigence, in a garret; Merlin was an advocate, in French Flanders, his native country, more obscure than thousands of the same profession. Revelliere Lepaux having abandoned the law, taught botany in a provincial college. Reubell practiced law in the supreme courts of Alsace, and Treillard did the same in the tribunal of Paris. The botanical professor in Normandy, the lawyers of Brabant, Alsace, and Paris, and the idle soldier in a garret, first met each other as deputies to the constituent Assembly. Little thought they then that in seven years they should divide among them the prerogatives of French Royalty.

The four lawyers had spent uniform and stationary lives. They had never travelled out of France, and got their wisdom from books rather than from observation. The soldier's life had been boisterous, full of change, perils and adventures. He fought with the English in the Carnatic; had led many a skirmish, and stormed many a mountain-fort in the Deccan. He had escaped on a raft from a sinking ship, to an isle in the Indian Ocean, peopled by savages, and passed a whole month without the hope of ever again seeing the face of an European.

Barras was a Count of the most ancient family in Provence, the most ancient of the French provinces. Merlin was a peasant's brat, born in a cabbin, in the new acquired and half-gallicised territory of Brabant. Revelliere was the son of a *proprietor* farmer in Guienne. Reubell was the misbegotten of a Canon of Strasbourg, and Treillard was the son of a man of his own profession in *L'Isle de France*. The various original, as to place and rank of the five Directors, is, therefore, some what remarkable; only three of them, the Provençal, Guiennois and Parisian, are, strictly speaking, Frenchmen.

Barras commenced a grand and perilous career with the Revolution. His force of mind, eloquence and intrepidity, made him distinguished in all the transactions that terminated with the triumph of the *mountain*; yet he shared the success without partaking in the sanguinary measures of their tyranny. His exploits were illustrious; for, first, he subdued the revolt of the southern departments; secondly, he swayed the Convention against Robespierre, and led the armed force against him and his colleagues; thirdly, suppressed the two insurrections of the sections of Paris, against the Convention; and lastly, he became a Director, and chiefly superintended the internal administration of the Republic.

Merlin passed from the hovel to the kitchen of a convent, where he acted as a servant, and thence to the office of a lawyer. He was a great senatorial leader in all the efforts made for innovation, and ministerial offices before his directorship.

Revelliere was first a deputy, then a provincial administrator, then a deputy again, and declaimer from the press; then a fugitive, beset by numberless hazards from the

jealousy of Robespierre : then a deputy again ; and, finally, a *Director*.

Reubell has acted his part as a Senator ; secondly, as a military commissioner on the Rhine ; and, thirdly, has discharged the same functions against the rebels of la Vendee.

Treillard has been active in the Legislative body, being in high repute for eloquence ; but, in stormy times, seems to have studied privacy. He has been Ambassador to Germany, and was one of the Envoys to negotiate with Malmsbury at Lisle, and at the Congress of Rastadt ; all the five, therefore, have been leaders, and conspicuously active from the beginning of the Revolution.

At the opening of this great scene (1788), Barras was in the prime of life, being only thirty-three years old. He is the youngest of the five. Reubell was nine years older. Merlin was thirty-four. Revelliere was thirty-five, and Treillard was thirty-eight.

ON THE COMMOTIONS OF
A NEW-YORK MAY-DAY.

MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW not whether you will listen to the humble subject that I have chosen to write to you about. It may not be of so much importance as some others, but, let me tell you, there are few things that so much influence the happiness of a family. I am a plain woman, and have had my share of attending upon children and servants. I know how much care and anxiety is required to govern a family, and I think I should do a public and extensive good, if, by my means, that anxiety and care were any way lessened.

Now I scarcely know any grievance greater than that of being compelled to move once a year from one house to another. The people of this city are seized, on the first of May, by a sort of madness, that will not let them rest till they have changed their dwelling. No matter how conveniently and *cleverly* they may be situated. No sooner does spring appear, than preparations are made to move on the first of May. A new house must be looked for, and nothing must be thought or talked of, for the next three months, but what house we shall take.

It is now three years since I married Mr. Armstrong, and came to live in New-York.

I was almost tired to death before I got completely settled in a neat little house in Greenwich-street. We had much goods, as well as ourselves, to bring all the way from Poughkeepsie ; and there was so much trouble in shipping them off, in getting them from the vessel to the house, and in putting them in order : there was so much time before we could make ourselves comfortable, and make us feel as if we were at home, that I vowed never to move again, unless compelled to it by fire or some such misfortune.

When six months had passed over our heads, my husband began to start objections to our abode. It was too near the water, it was too small ; a cheaper house, he thought might be found. The landlord had called to know whether he meant to continue in it another year. It was necessary to decide. *Such and such* an house, he had heard, was to lose its present tenant, and would, he believed, suit us better.

I had, by this time, begun to feel somewhat at my ease. I had formed some acquaintance with my neighbours, and I found them quiet and obliging. I remembered the trouble that I had before had in moving to our present house, and shrunk from the thought of going through it all once more.

Our house, to be sure, had some inconveniences ; but it is impossible to find an house exactly to one's mind. There will always be something which we would wish to be different : and custom reconciles one to a thousand little wants and difficulties, which are very serious and formidable when we first meet with them. If we cannot remove them altogether, we make use of shifts and contrivances that come, in time, to answer the end just as well.

I could not bring over my husband to my way of thinking. He would seemingly acquiesce for a little while, but he was always sure to renew the subject. Such a friend of ours was going to move into such an house. Such and such advantages attended the change. The house which he should leave was not yet taken. It was larger or more commodious, or cheaper than our own. It was near a well of good water, which would save us the price and trouble of buying it ; and it was so fine a thing in sultry weather to have a draught of cold water always at

hand ; besides, the kitchen was larger, there was a tree before the door, and the houses near it were brick ; and this would make it less dangerous in case of fire.

It was in vain to talk to him about the awkwardness and sadness that we feel in going into a new neighbourhood and a new house. These he did not understand or feel. His father's family had always been used to move once a year, and to live in the same house forever, was, at least, but tiresome and insipid. Suppose, said he, that the new house is no better than this, yet the rent is less by fifty dollars a year. That, I assure you, is something.

To be sure, says I, it is something ; but a man like you, whose affairs are in a tolerably good situation, ought to be willing to buy his ease at a greater expence than that. I do not know what money is good for but to place us at our ease. To avoid the clatter, and noise, and hurry, and vexation of moving, I'd be willing, for my part, to give more than fifty dollars. Besides, you do not expect, I hope, to move without any new expense. You must give, at least, that much to cartmen and labourers ; so that on the score of expense, you will be just where you are ; while, on the score of time and trouble, you will be the worse by three or four days.

But what you pay to cartmen will not be all the expense. You know that chairs, and tables, and looking-glasses cannot be moved without injury. Carelessness and clumsiness will do them more harm in one hour than using them in the same house for years would do. Not to say what will be mislaid or lost, or what will be stolen : you may set all these down at fifty dollars more ; so that, by moving to an house whose rent is fifty dollars less, you will only run yourself to a new expense of an hundred.

All my reasonings were thrown away upon him : nothing would do but move we must. And so we have continued moving once a year, at least, since our marriage. I have a mortal aversion to this business, and wish my husband could be persuaded to be satisfied with remaining where he is. The more experience I have of it, the more I dislike it ; and, if I live much longer, I will positively refuse to budge at the year's end.

Yet all the world seems like my husband

THE LADY'S MONITOR.

in this respect: all the New-York world I mean, for, as far as I can hear, this custom for a general *move* on the first of May, is not known any where else.—Cannot you write something upon this subject that will show the folly of this custom? I wish you would: you have a better knack at the pen than I have, no doubt, and may be very persuasive and judicious. If you please nobody by doing so, you will, at least, gratify

AMY ARMSTRONG.

We feel particular pleasure in laying before our readers the following beautiful extracts from SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S *ARCADIA*. This was a work as celebrated as its author, who was at once the delight and the ornament of the English court, in the reign of ELIZABETH. He is described, by the writers of that age, as the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be formed, even by the luxuriant imagination of poetry or fiction. Virtuous conduct, polite conversation, heroic valour, and elegant erudition, were all united in Sir Philip Sidney. We are inclined to pronounce the *Arcadia* a *prose poem*, if the expression would be allowable. True poetry is always the same, for it has its foundation in nature, and its spirit will evince itself in whatever garb it may be dressed. There is, even in the most far-fetched of the thoughts, such a general propriety of simile, and such a delicacy of idea, as prove them to be the production of a well-informed, elegant, tender, and we think we may add, virtuous mind.

FROM THE FIRST BOOK.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SPRING.

When the earth begins to put on new apparel against the approach of her lover; and that the sun, running a most even course, becomes an indifferent arbiter between day and night.

OF A LADY.

Certainly, her eyelids are more pleasant to behold than two white kids climbing up a fair tree, browsing on his tenderest branches; and yet are they nothing to compare to the day-shining stars contained in them. Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind which comes creeping over flowery fields, and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer, yet this is nothing compared to the honey-flowing speech which that breath doth carry.

OF A SEA-FIGHT.

Their blood did as 'twere fill the wrinkles of the sea's visage, which, it seemed, the sea

would not wash away, that it might witness, it is not always his fault when we condemn his cruelty.

OF A HERO IN A SHIP.

He sat as on horseback upon the mast, while his hair was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it; as the sea also had to kiss his feet.

OF A PLEASANT COUNTRY.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble vallies whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers: thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well tuned birds: rich pastures stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort. Here, a shepherd boy piping as though he should never be old; there, a young shepherdess knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands beat time to her voice's music.

OF A FAIR LADY.

That which made her fairness much the fairer was, that it was but a fair ambassador to a fairer mind.

They loved indeed, though for a while (hope's wings being cut off) the fire thereof was blown by the bellows of despair.

He banished both sleep and food as enemies to that mourning which his passion persuaded him was but reasonable.

When the six captains returned again into the field, there appeared in them a new life of resolution, as if he had been the root out of which, as into branches, their courage had spread.

The chief partner of the night, which, with her black arms, pulled the combatants the one from the other.

I should esteem my house more blessed than a temple of the Gods, had it once received you.

OF A FAIR AND VALIANT MAN.

As if nature had mistaken her work, he had a man's heart in a Cupid's body. All that beheld him, made their eyes quick messengers to their minds of his beauty.

As she went to the temple to be married, her eyes themselves seemed a temple where in love and beauty were married; her cheeks blushing, and withall when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred.

Eagles fly alone, and they are but sheep which always herd together.

About the time when the candles begin to inherit the sun's office.

We ought to reverence old age, whose heaviness, if it weigh down the frail and fleshy balance, it as much lifts up the noble and spiritual part.

Love should not be so superficial as to go no further than the skin.

The fresh and delightful brooks so slowly slide away, as loath to leave the company of so many things united in perfection; and with a sweet murmur they lament their forced departure.

A pleasant valley there was, of either side of which high hills lifted up their beetle brows, as if they would overlook the pleasantness of their under prospect.

They lay down by the murmuring music of certain waters, which spouted out of the side of the hills, and in the bottom of the valley, made of many springs a pretty brook, like a commonwealth of many families.

A close arbour of trees, whose branches so lovingly interlaced one the other, that it could resist the strongest violence of eyesight.

A FAIR LADY UNDER THE CUSTODY OF AN UGLY FELLOW.

O! only pearl, that so vile an oyster should keep thee.

Pardon my boldness in asking your country, for it is out of a desire to know, what is the nest out of which such birds do fly.

Her breasts sweetly rose up, like two fair mountains in the pleasant vale of Tempe.

A FAIR LADY.

The ornament of the earth, the model of heaven, the triumph of nature, the life of beauty, the queen of love.

Her hair (alas too poor a word, why should I not rather call them her beams?) was drawn into a net able to have caught Jupiter when he was in the form of an eagle.

Then methought the lilies grew pale for envy, the roses blushed to see sweeter roses in her cheeks: the apples, methought, fell down from the trees to do homage to the apples of her breasts. She blushed like a fair morning in May.

I think Cupid headed his arrows with my misfortunes.

A little river, which for the moisture it bestowed upon the roots of some flourishing trees, was rewarded with their shadow.

In her face was so much beauty expressed, as if she had not been known, some would rather have judged it the painter's exercise, to shew what he could do, than the counterfeiting of any living pattern.

In her every thing was goodly and stately, yet so that it might seem that great mindedness was but the ancient bearer to humbleness.

The day had consumed well nigh the half his allowance of light.

The sun like a noble heart, began to shew his greatest countenance in his lowest estate.

The night, measured by the short ell of sleep, was soon passed over, and the next morning had given the watchful stars leave to take their rest.

His armour was of so old a fashion that it did very well seem a monument of his grandfather's courage.

Beasts only can discern beauty; and let them be in the roll of beasts that do not honour it.

It was, indeed, a plain of delight, for through the midst of it there ran a sweet brook which did both hold the eye open with her azure streams, and yet seek to close the eye with the purling noise it made upon the pebble stones it ran over: the field itself, being set in some places with roses, which added such a ruddy show unto it, as though it were bashful at its own beauty.

He took her by the hand, and with burning kisses set it close to his lips, as if it should stand there, like a hand in the margin of a book, to note some saying worthy to be marked. She stood quaking like the partridge on which the hawk is just ready to seize.

Her blood durst not yet come to her face to take away the name of paleness from her most pure whiteness.

It was easy to be seen the construction of their speeches might best be made by the grammar rules of affection.

The nightengale sings seldom, The pye still chatters; the wood cries most before it be thoroughly kindled; and deep wounds bleed inward. Shallow brooks murmur most, deep ones slide away in silence.

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make every thing seem great that is seen through it.

(To be continued.)

New-York,

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1802.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

Casting my eye over a late paper, the columns, by reading across the page, presented the following lines: you are at liberty to publish them. C.

For Surinam, to sail in twelve days....200 acres of land on Long-Island....subject to drawback.

Six cents reward. Ran away on the 25th ult....100 hogsheads best Virginia tobacco.

This day at the Tontine Coffee-House will be sold....a vote of thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

The volunteers of the City of London were reviewed in the River Thames....by the French Clergy.

Went astray since Friday afternoon....a valuable assortment of dry goods.

A bonnet of buff sattin, turned up in front....was spoke in the Straits of Sunda on the 5th December last.

Thursday at 11 o'clock, eleven thousand pounds of....official accounts, were received at the admiralty-office.

Schooners Volunteer and Determined Rover....have dissolved partnership by mutual consent.

To be seen, for a few days only....Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States.

Capt. Sturges spoke on the 16th ultimo, off the Capes of Virginia....a brindled cow belonging to Mr. Kaylor.

Extract from the journal of the Senate, containing....the arrival of a French fleet in the Chesapeake.

For sale, 14 years unexpired lease of....tickets in the Paterson (New-Jersey) Lottery.

Wanted, 15,000 dollars on real estate in....the Atlantic Ocean.

Arrived at the seat of Government, his Excellency....the Learned Pig.

Wanted immediately....a certificate of discharge....by several gentlemen of this City.

On Thursday will be landed, and for sale....the mysteries of the....seventh Congress of the United States.

Arrived in Hampton-Roads, a French Corvette with....good pickled anchovies for sale.

Taken up adrift in the East-River....Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead.

For Port-Republican, the....Mail Pilot and Federal Line of Stages.

The subscribers are appointed Trustees of....1700 bushels Turk's Island Salt.

Lost or mislaid....the honour and integrity of a person high in office.

ANECDOTE OF DR. HILL IN 1759.

He wrote a pamphlet addressed to Mr. Garrick, charging him with pronouncing the letter *I* like an *U*, as in *virtue*, and some other words; in answer to which the British Roscius wrote the following epigram:

DEAR DR.

If it is true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, I hope for the better;

May the first sight of letters as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,

And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

MARRIED,

In Vermont, by the Hon. G. Olin, C. NICHOLAS, Esq. to Miss LYDIA POPE; and by C. Nicholas, Esq. Hon. G. OLIN, to Miss DEBORAH POPE. This was one good turn for another.

At Salisbury (Con.) Mr. FARNUM, aged 78, to the widow PHELPS, aged 70.

DIED,

At Woburn, in Great-Britain, March 2, the most noble Francis, DUKE OF BEDFORD, Aet. 37—He was the richest peer in England, and the leader of the whig interest therein. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

In England, the Rt. Hon. Lord GRAVES, Admiral of the White.

In Ireland, the Earl of CLARE, Lord Chancellor.

"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
Must lay as low as ours."

THE LADY'S MONITOR.

Parnassian Garland.

TO MISS —, ON HER BIRTH DAY.

BRIGHT beams the morn, and from each verdant spray,
Melodious songsters hail this natal day;
O'er smiling meads the zephyrs gently move,
And waft the voice of music and of love.
Among our sports no jealous fears intrude,
No cares carroding and no passion rude,
For placid joy leads on the blissful throng,
And spotless innocence inspires the song.
With modest mirth the happy swains are blest,
And rural pastimes pure as Anna's breast.
Anna! to thee the votive lyre is strung,
To thee so justly prais'd and often sung.
The rustic bards thy charms and worth
proclaim, [less pain,
And the sad nymph * who pin'd with fruit-
Fills the deep groves and vales with Anna's
name.]

Again hot summer blazes in the sky;
'Tis noon! to tranquil bowers the shepherds
fly.

By the cool margin of the murmuring rill,
Where icy drops from mossy grots distil,
Come, let us rest.—Here contemplation
dwells

Musing, fast bound in fancy's magic spells.
Nor angry strife, nor envy can invade,
The sacred silence of the pensive shade.
While sprightly carols from each grove re-
sound,

And joy's sweet notes float ravishing around,
Mine be th' employ in moralizing lays,
To lash the vices and the virtues praise.

Anna, while many syrens of your sex,
Proud to subdue and studious to perplex,
With ceaseless care create the artful plan,
To catch and torture their poor victim, man;
'Tis thine with gentleness and smiles to cheer,
And sooth the breast of anguish and of fear,
To ease the heart assail'd with various woes,
And lull despair to peace and sweet repose.

While *Scurrula*, a blot, a foul disgrace,
A living blemish to the human race,
While she with cursed necromantic power,
Like the black blight which kills the tender
flower,

Blasts the pure glory of her neighbours' name,
And gluts her malice with a ruin'd fame,
From thee the frailties of our nature find
The generous candour of a virtuous mind;
'Tis thine to pity, soften and forgive,
And bid the erring fair repent and live.
The moan of grief with rapture, *Trivia*, hears;
Her lover's sigh is music to her ears.
The first t' expose the failings of her friend,
She hides those virtues which she should
commend;
Detracts from merit whereso'er it shines,
And magnifies small errors into crimes.

* Echo.

This source of bliss, she may with safety
chuse,
For *Trivia* has no character to lose.

These wretched beings thus by vice deform'd,
By folly sanction'd, and by wisdom scorn'd;
These *social pestilences*, whose dire breaths
Spreads wide contagion and the seeds of
death, [tress,
Can blast more happiness—more hearts dis-
And make more breasts the abodes of wretch-
edness,

Than all the plagues which scourg'd the
Egyptian land, [band.
And smote the pride of *Pharaoh*'s impious
But while we execrate these hated names,
Hear the loud shouts of joy inspir'd swains;
The weary sun with fainter lustre beams,
And his rays dance obliquely on the streams.
Come, Anna! come! the flowery fields invite,
To taste new pleasures and a rich delight,
Come! hear the rustic song, the carol lay,
And join the pastimes of thy natal day!

WHAT IS HAPPINESS.

It is not genius—no, his rays
Are fiercer than the Comet's blaze,
That flings his fiery threats abroad,
Through heav'n's illimitable road.

Say, is it rank? Alas its pow'r
Is chequered like an April hour,
And smote by dissipations sway,
The life of it is shrunk away.

It can't be beauty, for her charms,
Are circled still with wild alarms,
With traitor wishes, fancied truth,
To mock her unsuspecting youth.

Is it the generous soul? ah no,
'Tis stung by one continued woe,
Blessings abus'd—and worth elate,
Sowing all good;—but reaping hate.

'Tis not perception, for her dart
But pierces the imperfect heart;
And from credulity with pain
Plucks confidence, repos'd in vain.

Ah tell me where the Goddess dwells—confest,
That I may woo her to this gentle breast.

A FANCY PIECE.

FREED from the sad ideas of the day,
Beneath the shadow of this airy steep,
Wrapt in the pensive twilight's sober grey,
I woo'd the genius of refreshing sleep.

O come, I cried, come from cimmerian skies,
Come, ere the peaceful shades of evening close,
O come, ere this delicious moment flies,
And give my heart the blessing of repose!

“ Enchanting dreams in airy vapours shroud,
Drawn from the peaceful realms of ancient
night,

And from the bosom of yon painted cloud,
Come radiant Fancy, and with these unite!

I slept, and fancy mounting to the throne
Of reason, with a smile usurp'd her seat,
No guide did now th' unfetter'd bosom own,
Save the fair goddess—of delusions sweet.

Then was the soul from all restraint set free,
Misled by wayward fancy and beguil'd:
Then dear Maria, she depicted thee,
In colours vivid, delicate, and mild!

Thee I embrac'd embrac'd by thee again,
I wept with transport thy loved voice to hear,
Till joy too exquisite was almost pain,
And from thy cheek, I wip'd the glittering
tear.

Together did we ramble thro' each dale,
Where once in happier hours we us'd to rove,
While, (both transported) listen'd to the tale,
The tale of friendship, and the song of love:
I heard thy tongue my sentiments approve;
Yes, by that soothing voice, my heart sub-
du'd,

Confess'd its pleasure and declar'd its love!
What days of happiness were then in store.
What endless views of pleasure did I see,
From partial fortune could I ask no more?
—For oh! my *Edward*! she had yielded thee!

Malicious fancy! here she fled away!
I waked to reason, truth, and wept to find
That each delightful hope that look'd so gay,
Was—but the brilliant fancy of my mind.

ANNA.

VERSES TO THE WIND.

Go, gentle zephyr, softly blow,
And fan my *Stella's* face,
Paint on her cheek health's vermil glow,
And heighten every grace.

And if she ask who fondly now,
Breathes on her dimpling cheek:
Ah! then in softer strains do thou.
Her tend'rest care bespeak.

Oh! say it is a sigh from me,
That flutters in her ear;
That I, sweet gale, commission'd thee,
My softest vows to bear.

And if my *Stella* fondly kind,
Attend's thy amorous lay,
And pour to thee her glowing mind,
Do thou her wish obey.

So when thy trembling airy gale,
Breathes o'er my cot again:
O! say thy whisp'ring did prevail,
Nor hast thou sigh'd in vain.

E. G.

EPIGRAM.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.
So fair I thought your face and mind,
I wonder'd much that half mankind,
Were not of wits bereav'd:
I've had you now three weeks to try,
And wonder how the plague that I
Could be so much deceiv'd.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY PHINEHAS HEARD,
AT THE COLUMBIAN PRINTING-OFFICE,
NO. 24, CEDAR-STREET, OPPOSITE THE
SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.